The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Bridge Cottage had stood on Lomeshaye road Nelson

Bridge Cottage had stood on Lomeshaye road for over a century. It was a charming little house, with its stone roof and walls, nestled between the canal and Lomeshaye fold. It was a peaceful place, where the only sounds were those of the water lapping against the shore and the occasional passerby. But there was something eerie about the cottage that kept people away.

Legend had it that the house was haunted by the ghost of Tall James. No one knew who he was or why he haunted the cottage, but everyone who had lived there had stories to tell about strange occurrences. Some claimed to have seen the tall, thin figure of a man in a thick grey coat, with a trilby hat and a walking stick with an orb on top. His eyes were said to be a bright red, with yellow stars for pupils.

Despite the ghost stories, a family named the Sharples decided to move into Bridge Cottage. They were a small family of three, consisting of Mr. Sharples his wife, and their young daughter. They had fallen in love with the quaint little house and its peaceful surroundings.

At first, everything seemed fine. The Sharples settled into their new home and went about their daily lives. But as time went on, strange things began to happen. Doors would open and close on their own, strange noises could be heard at night, and objects would move without explanation. But the most unsettling thing was the feeling of being watched.

One night, Mrs. Sharples woke up to find Tall James standing at the foot of their bed. His eyes glowed red in the darkness, and his pale skin seemed to shine. She tried to scream, but no sound escaped her throat. Tall James didn't move or say anything, he just stood there, watching them.

After that night, the Sharples decided they could no longer stay in Bridge Cottage. They packed their bags and left the house, never to return. The house remained empty for years after that, with no one daring to move in again.

Eventually, the legend of Tall James and Bridge Cottage faded into obscurity. The house fell into disrepair, and the only visitors were the occasional urban explorer. But some say that if you listen closely, you can still hear the sound of Tall James' walking stick tapping against the stone walls, and his quiet, menacing breathing echoing through the empty halls.

By Donald Jay